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Distances for Grapes.

The strong-growing American grape vine must have ample space to grow. They may be restricted for a few years and bear moderate crops, but when they are older they should have a full chance to grow out their long arms. The late Wm. A. Underhill, of Croton Point, New York, showed us a part of his twenty-year Isabella vineyard where he had allowed the vines to extend over a roadway, giving them some sixteen feet more. The improvement in the crop was striking. Mr. A. Howl, of Ontario, planted Concord six feet apart each way. They bore little fruit. The spring of the seventh year he took out every alternate vine, and then had a fine crop. He tried a similar experiment on a large Catawba vineyard planted eight feet apart; the result was a greatly increased quantity of grapes. He also stated that Concord vines, covering twenty-four to twenty-eight feet trellis, carried by actual measurement more grapes than any adjoining vines twelve feet apart and occupying the same extent of trellis. An experienced grape-grower has just stated to us that he had planted his vines twelve feet apart, and had grafted every alternate vine with another sort. The grafts failed to grow, and the old vines, being thus thinned to one-half in number, gave a much better crop than the whole did before. We might cite many other cases—all showing the importance of giving ample space to strong growers. And one other precaution should always be observed—never to allow the vines to overbear; thin out the numerous bunches. We do not now hear vineyardists, as formerly, boast of the many tons of grapes they have raised to an acre; as they have learned that the fruit is better, and the vines less exhausted, when the thinning has been properly done.—[Country Gentleman.]

How Nitro-Glycerine is Made.

This wonderful explosive was discovered in 1847, by an Italian named Sobrero, but its practical application was made by Alfred, a Swedish engineer. The process by which it is made is thus described: Every one knows that glycerine is a clear, syrupy liquid, sweet to the taste, and somewhat greasy to the touch. Its scope for employment ranges from the surgeon's dispensary to the lady's household. Chemists term it triatomic alcohol, and it may be derived from fat or tallow by action of lime and sulphuric acid. Its properties are many and various, but as they have no bearing upon the present subject we shall abstain from noticing them. If a quantity of nitric acid be added to twice its weight of sulphuric acid, glycerine be poured into this, and stirred carefully, the whole being surrounded by freezing mixture, we obtain that wonderful substance known as nitro-glycerine, which has more than ten times the explosive force of gun-powder. It forms on the surface as an oil of pale yellow color, is perfectly inodorous, and has a sweet, aromatic taste. It is poisonous whether taken internally or absorbed through the skin, and small doses produce distressing headaches. It does not explode when brought into contact with fire, and remains unchanged even when brought to a temperature of boiling water; but at forty degrees Fahrenheit it becomes converted into an oily mass, which merely requires friction to develop all its explosive qualities.—[Boston Journal of Commerce.]

A mesmerist at Hartford found a crowd of hotel loafers making fun of him and his show-bills, and offered to give a free exhibition of his skill. He let one of the party that he could so place him under mesmeric influence that with his finger on his nose, he could not leave the room without taking his finger down. The other man took the bet. The mesmerist made him shut his eyes, made a few passes about him, put the victim's arm around an iron post, and made the hand grasp the nose of the man. Then, with a few more mystic passes, he told him to open his eyes. The crowd awarded the bet to the mesmerist, and the other fellow was induced by the force of circumstances to pay up.

They are building a house of ice in the Zoological Garden of Moscow. Our readers will remember that an ice palace was erected at St. Petersburg in the winter of 1840, during the reign of the Empress Anna, between the Admiralty and the Winter Palace. Walls, roofs, window panes, furniture and ornaments were all of ice. Huge cubes of ice were cut and watered so that the structure was perfectly solid. The center pillars were of ice, imitating green marble. Statues, clocks, tables, chairs and beds were all of the same material. The Imperial receptions there were brilliant but rather chilly.

There are five cotton factories in and near Petersburg, Va., which employ 715 operatives. During the past year they consumed 9,000 bales of cotton and manufactured 11,105,000 yards of cloth, which brought from six to eight cents a yard and was purchased principally by Northern soldiers.

A man advertises for "competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds that "it will be profitable to the undertaker."

What Keckled Him.

"They want you to come around the corner to shave a man that has gone dead," whimpered a little boy as he opened the door of the barber's shop and showed the half of a very smelly face, with one sinful eye in it. The barber inhaled the deceased, and then fell to shaving and dreaming—dreaming that he had been awarded the professorship in the consorial chair in some celebrated college, and forgetting that the man was dead, and not in a mood just then to talk, remarked: "Remarkable Winter weather this. Does the razor hurt you, sir?" and continued shaving, when suddenly the dead man raised himself up in bed and exclaimed, "Ha, ha, ha—that voice—the only thing that could arouse me from this stupor that resembles death, because it was that voice threw me into the trance—ha, ha, ha! Oh, how I have waited to hear that voice again! For three days I have been on this bed; I could hear people come and go, and the day go down under the hills, and the nights come hurrying up with their troops of stars, and every instant I listened for the only voice that could save me from the trance of this trance monster. Four days ago—it seems ages—I was shaved in your shop. I ventured to remark that it was a fine morning, at which you commenced to talk and continued talking. I staggered in a daze and fell asleep. Now, barber, go on shaving, but don't speak unless you want to throw me back into the old trance and lose me forever." The barber tied a towel around his mouth, shaved his customer, and tip-toed back to his shop, contrite in spirit and a reformed man.

The Indian and the Telephone.

An amusing application of the wonders of the telephone as an assistant detective of crime comes to us from Julian. Several houses were recently stolen in that neighborhood, and suspicion fell upon a certain Indian as the thief. Some one having introduced a telephone upon the case, the same was being exhibited, when it occurred to the owner of the stolen horses to get the Indian to come in and hear the "Great Spirit" talk. The Indian took one of the cups and was thrilled with astonishment at being apparently so near the Great Keeper of the happy hunting grounds. After some little time spent in wondering, the Indian was solemnly commanded by the Great Spirit to "give up those stolen horses!" Dropping the cup as if he had been shot, the Indian immediately confessed to having stolen the horses, and tremblingly promised if his life was spared he would restore the "calabos" at once, and he did so.—[San Diego (Cal.) Union.]

COMING.—The nervous mother of a bright little boy was alarmed lest he should take the whooping-cough, which prevailed in the neighborhood. She talked so much about it and worried over it, that she had infected the child to such an extent that he would scarcely leave her side. One night after the little fellow had been put to sleep, a donkey was driven past the house, and when just opposite, set up his ho-haw. With a shriek the little fellow was out of bed, screaming at the top of his voice: "The whooping-cough is coming, mamma, the whooping-cough is coming!"

It would be well for those criticizing the course of a local paper to bear in mind that it is not being conducted for the exclusive benefit of any man, or set of men. It simply aims to give the news to all its subscribers. Those tender-skinned individuals who kick when the rowl of the spur accidentally gouges their sensitive hides are requested to state this in their hats.—[Ex.]

A whole family of people who came in from the country last Sunday, on one horse, fell off just opposite the colored Baptist Church. Besides the old man and wife and two children, they had a bundle, carpet satchel, and some small valuables, all of which fell in a bunch together with the old woman, man and children.—[New Castle Local.]

A proud man, who failed in business and found his assets would pay only fifteen cents on the dollar, insisted, for the looks of the thing, on paying twenty-five cents, even if he had to make up the difference out of his own pocket.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

Mrs. Blessersole thinks fire escapes very proper things to have. She says it is well enough to give a fire a chance to escape from a building if it will; if it won't, why then put it out, of course.—[Boston Transcript.]

A letter was recently dropped into the mail box directed to "Lorus Cancers." The Postmaster guessed it was for Lawrence, Kansas, and it went right.

Mourning Apparel.

The principal objections against the custom of wearing mourning apparel are that it is useless, inconvenient and expensive. For what use does it serve? To remind me I am in affliction? I do not need any such memento. To point me out to others as a mourner? I must certainly do not wish to be so pointed out. Shall the sable garb be adopted, then, because it is grateful to my feelings, because it is a kind of solace to me? I can gain no consolation from it.

If, then, the custom is useless, it is still more objectionable on account of the inconvenience and expense. It is inconvenient, because it throws the care of purchasing and making clothes upon a family at the very moment when on every account it must needs be secluded and quietness; when, worn out with care and watching and sorrow, it needs retirement and relief. That the expenses press heavily upon the poor is a matter very well known, and I believe generally regretted. If, then, there is a custom in the community which is of no real benefit, and is a real burden, it would seem a clear inference that it ought to be discouraged. If there be any who fear that they shall be too soon forgotten among men when they are gone, let them be reminded that it depends upon themselves, not upon the habiliments of their friends; upon their character, not upon their obsequies, whether they shall be remembered. "The memorial of virtue," with the wisdom of Solomon, "is immortal."

Smart Washington Girls.

The young ladies of Washington are debating how they shall modestly but effectively rebuke the ill bred men who stare at them in the street cars and stages. It has been decided that the most effective remedy is for the young lady to retort by persistently staring at the male starrer's feet, and assuming an amused expression of countenance as though looking at something funny. Naturally, every one else in the car looks at the bad man's boots, and thus injured innocence is avenged. Very few men, comparatively, can stand unflinchingly a modest lady's persevering stare at his feet.

M. Lambright has invented a modification of Edison's phonograph matrices, by substituting stearine for the tin foil, and electrotyping the impressed surface. It has been suggested that these electrotypes, which can be made very cheaply, may render great service in the study of foreign languages, for they preserve indefinitely and repeat as often as may be desired words that are the most difficult to pronounce correctly. A true speaking dictionary might thus be made, an undertaking which the wildest fancy would not have dreamed of a few years ago.—[Nature.]

The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despair. The man who loses his courage, loses all; there is no more hope for him than a dead man. But it matters not how poor he may be, how much lost to the world, if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head, works on with his hands, and with unconquerable will determines to be and to do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him that kills; it is what is within that makes or unmakes.

Reuben Boyce, a Texas stage robber, was in jail at Austin. His wife rode up to the prison on a race horse, and asked if she could take a basket of provisions into her husband's cell. Permission was given. The jailer, when he thought her visit had lasted long enough, opened the cell door and ordered her out. Boyce came instead brandishing a revolver that had been carried to him in the basket, and made his way to the fast horse, on which he got away.

Women are certain to have their own way in spite of all obstacles. A family lives in this city in which a Catholic gentleman is married to a Protestant wife, and before their union they made the agreement that all the daughters should be Protestants and all the sons should be Catholics. They have been married many years now, and of six children, not one son has put in an appearance.—[Courier Journal.]

The Religious Herald, of Richmond, gives rather questionable consolation. A Virginia subscriber writes as follows: "You are publishing the obituary of the Georgia and Alabama preachers, but seem to have no space for ours." The editor replies: "Bear with us. Your time will come soon, we hope."

There are two things that a fellow can't possibly do at the same time—hold a handsome girl on his lap and not kiss her.

Weirdest Tale.

"Make the bed easy, Mr. B.," said old Uncle Abe to the undertaker, who was preparing the coffin for his aged wife. "Make the bed soft and easy, for her old bones are tender and soft, and a hard bed will hurt them."

He forgot for a moment that old, gray-haired man—that she was dead—that the old bones had done aching forever. Sixty-four years had she walked by his side, a true and loving wife. Sixty-four years! Just think of it, in this age of divorce! Sixty-four years had they dwelt under the same roof of life; together mourned over the coffin of their first-born; together rejoiced in the prosperity of their sons and daughters, and now she has left him alone. No wonder he forgot. Her loving hands had so long cared for him, for he had been the feeble of the two.

"Until death do us part," said the marriage service that had united them so many years ago. Death had parted them, but the love still survived. Tenderly had he cared for her all these years, and now tenderly did he watch the making of the last bed of this still loved wife.

He had bravely braved the storm of life with her by his side, but now that she was gone, he could not live, and in a few days they laid him by her side.—[Ex.]

CURIOSITIES OF THE TELEPHONE.

With a single telephone held, say, to the right ear, the transmitted voice appears to come from a distance to the right; while with a telephone held to the left ear, it seems to arrive from the left of the listener. With a telephone to each ear, if one ear be less sensitive than the other, or if the telephone be held further from that ear, the voice apparently shifts to the side of the other ear; and if both instruments are equally near their respective ears, the voice apparently proceeds from the front of the observer.

SODA FOR BURNS.—All kinds of sores, including scalds and sunburns, are almost immediately relieved by the application of a solution of soda to the hurt surface. It must be remembered that dry soda will not do unless it is surrounded with a cloth moist enough to dissolve it. The method of sprinkling it on and covering it with a wet cloth is often the very best. But it is sufficient to wash the wound repeatedly with a strong solution.

The telephone is said to be the constant vanguard to the people all down the river. A German tackled it at the other end to see if it could speak his language, and when Dr. Reud answered back in the tongue of Faidland, Schneider gave it up and exclaimed: "Well, by himminy, dot tam vire know ebberlings!"—[Horsing Green Intelligencer.]

In one of his moonshine raids in Monroe county, Deputy United States Marshal Allen found the following recipe for making whisky, which had doubtless been dropped by an illicit distiller: "To one gallon of water add ten drops of uceronina, an ounce of alcohol and ten drops of zepatan. Shake well and let stand twelve hours before using."

Mamma—"Well, Johnny, I shall forgive you this time, and its very pretty of you to write a letter and say you're sorry. Johnny—"Yes, ma; don't tear it up please." Mamma—"Why not?" Johnny—"Because it will do for the next time."

The congregation sang "We are going home to die no more," in a West-field (Mass.) church, and an irreverent fellow, leaning over to a dyed, deacon, said, "then you'll be gray in a week."

It is possible, Miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own will be a year hence."

We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything for themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.

Live within your means and nobody will know how much you have saved; but the moment you borrow a cent people will know how poor you are.

The toothless virgin on the train stethed demurely and quietly in her seat, but the wise one flirted with the conductor and passed free of charge.

"That's what beats me," as the boy said when he saw his father take the skate strap down from its accustomed nail.

Taking medicine will make a well man sick much quicker than it will make a sick man well.

The difference between a sea and a saw is in tense.

The True Life.

The mere lapse of years is not true life. To eat and drink and sleep; to be exposed to the darkness and light; to pace around the mill of habit, to turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade; this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which makes it most while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith—these alone can give vitality in the mechanism of our existence. The laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which stuns us with mystery, the hardships that forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust, the true nourishment of our natural being. Such is true life with many of its experiences.

Appellative Superintendence. Walton, of THE INTERIOR JOURNAL, caps the climax of appellative superintendence by styling the Legislature "a lot of deuced nuses." For covering the whole ground under an act of madman in parvo tegument, this brief but pointed descriptive eulogium is simply unapproachable.—[Glasgow Times.]

One-third of the gold that is mined goes to wear and tear, one-third goes into circulation, and one-third into the arts and manufactures. All the gold in the world would make a pile only 25 feet wide, 45 feet long and 25 feet high.

Marrigable young women should not forget that this is leap year, and that Prof. Proctor declares that this world will become as cold and lifeless as the moon in 125,000 years from now.—[Bowling Green Intelligencer.]

The Zulu Indian wears her wedding ring in her nose. A double purpose is thus served: It discourages promiscuous kissing, and she is in little danger of losing her ring. She all ways nose where it is.

Give money, but never lend it. Giving it only takes a man ungrateful; lending makes him enemy.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. Hays, Pastor. Services on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday afternoon. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. R. C. Hays, Superintendent.

CHRISTIAN.—Worship by the congregation every Lord's day. Preaching by Eld. Jos. Hutton on First and Third Lord's days. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. J. S. Hays, Superintendent.

METHODIST.—Rev. J. S. Hays, Pastor. Morning and evening services on First and Third Sundays. Prayer Meeting Thursday night. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. J. S. Hays, Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN, SOUTH.—No Pastor. Union Sunday School at 9:30. John W. Best, Superintendent. First Prayer Meeting Wednesday night.

PRESBYTERIAN, NORTH.—Rev. J. S. Hays, Pastor. Services on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night.

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Two	1	50	2	50	3	50	4	50	5
Three	2	50	3	50	4	50	5	50	6
Four	3	50	4	50	5	50	6	50	7
Five	4	50	5	50	6	50	7	50	8
Six	5	50	6	50	7	50	8	50	9
Seven	6	50	7	50	8	50	9	50	10

